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ENGLISH SURNAMES.

In the early state of society, *Abraham* and *Moses* among the Jews, *Achilles* and *Ulysses* among the Greeks, were known to their respective cotemporaries by the single names by which they were mentioned in the Holy Writ, and in the poetry of Homer.

A later and higher state of civilization was accompanied, both in Greece and Rome, by the use of surnames. Distinctive additions, patronymical or local, added to the single name, will be familiar to most of our readers. Herodotus of Halicarnassus, Thucydides son of Olorus, Socrates son of Sophroniscus, were such. Of the three which became usual for Romans to bear, the first or prænomen, corresponded to our baptismal name; the second indicated the *gens*; and the third or cognomen, may be considered as corresponding to our hereditary family name. *Marcus Tullius Cicero* makes it known by his name that he is a member of the *Cicero* family, and that that family belonged to the *gens Tullia*.

If we pass from the Roman world to that which arose on its ruins, we shall find the earlier practice restored. This simple practice prevailed generally throughout England dur-

ing the whole of the Saxon period; and on the Continent under Charlemagne and many of those who followed him. In the present day the name of baptism is but seldom heard, except in conversation between persons who are extremely intimate, and on the celebration of ceremonies, such as those of baptism and marriage; whereas formerly persons were known entirely by their names of baptism, and even now in some parts of Europe persons are addressed only by their Christian names.

The importance of the origin and meaning of the names of persons is great, both in historical and antiquarian investigation. The origin of the greater part of our existing surnames is to be sought for in many distinct sources. Such surnames mainly consist of the following classes: 1st, Norman surnames dating from the conquest. 2d, Local English names. 3d, Names of occupation. 4th, Derivatives from the Christian names of father or mother. 5th, Names given on account of personal peculiarities. 6th, Names derived from the animal, mineral, or vegetable kingdoms. 7th, Irish, Scotch, French and other continental names.

I. The first and smallest class consists of the Norman names brought into England at the conquest. The Domesday Book is the only accurate and trustworthy authority, showing the names of those Norman, among whom the length and breadth of the land of England was divided. It is these names alone which became hereditary as early as the eleventh century. These ancient Norman names may be arranged under three heads. First, those which have *de* prefixed, and which are derived principally from places in Normandy. Second, those which, not being local, had *le* prefixed, as *Le Marshall*, *Le Mesurier*, *Le Bastard*, *Le Strange*. Third, those with which neither *de* nor *le* was used, and which were all probably significative; *Basset*, *Howard*, *Talbot*, *Bellew*, and many others belong to this third division. *Fitz* is a common prefix to Nor-

man patronymics, just as *son* is the Saxon termination to express the same idea. *Fitzwilliam* is the Norman form, *Williamson* the Saxon. We shall again advert to the Norman names.

II. The second and most numerous division of English surnames comprehends all those which have a local English origin. A vast number of places in England have contributed to form this class of surnames, which may be looked at as consisting of two subdivisions. The first is that of generic names, such as *Bridge* and *Brook*, *Hill* and *Dale*, *Pitt* and *Hole*, *Hayes* and *Drake*, *Hide*, *Holme* and *Warren*, *Field* and *Croft*, *Holt* and *Hope*, &c. The second class consist of specific names of places, such as *Oxford*, *Buckingham*, *Wortley*, and *Preston*. The frequent adoption of such names of places as surnames gave rise to the old distich—

“ *Inford*, *inham*, *inley* and *tun*,
The most of English surnames run.”

A former Lord *Lyttelton* once contended that his family must be more ancient than that of the *Grenvilles*, since the little town had existed before the *grand ville*. At Venice a somewhat similar but more serious dispute arose between the houses of *Ponti* and *Carnali*. The former alleged that they, the Bridges, were above the Canals; the latter that they, the Canals, existed before the Bridges. The Senate was obliged to remind the rival houses that its authority could equally pull down Bridges and stop Canals, if they became a public nuisance.

Unlike names derived from occupations, these local English names are in themselves void of any signification with reference to the condition in life of those who first assumed them.

III. We now come to the great class of surnames derived

from occupations. In this class comes the great family of *Smith*; the largest of all the English families.

"From whence came *Smith*, all be knight or squire,
But from the *Smith* that forgoeth at the fire?"

The largeness of the family of *Smith* seems to be owing to this, that the *Smith* of the age when surnames first became hereditary, included in his mystery the work which *Wheeler*, *Cartwright* and other *Wrights* afterwards performed. It is probable that a small proportion only of these names, derived from occupations, were adopted in country places, and that the bulk of them arose in towns. In the country every little hamlet supplied, for adoption, not only its own name but *Squire*, *Franklin*, *Yeoman*, *Freeman*. The *Turners*, and *Taylors*, *Barbers*, and *Bakers*, *Cooks*, *Coopers*, and *Chapmans* would more exercise their crafts in town than in the country. The less numerous families of *Carters* and *Fielders*, of *Barkers* and *Tanners*, of *Fowlers* and *Forresters*, and *Woodmans*, of *Farmers* and *Shepherds*, of *Baileys* and *Reeves*, would mainly arise in the country. Each of a large number of local names has names of occupation dependent upon it, many of which belong alone to the country. *Pitt* has its *Collier* and *Pitman*, *Bridge* its *Bridge* and *Bridgeman*.

It may at first appear a little remarkable that where the *Taylors* are so numerous, the members of an almost equally important craft, *Cordwainers* and *Shoemakers*, should be apparently wanting. If any such surnames exist, there can be very few of them.

Many of these names of employment survive, and remind us of crafts that have long ceased to exist. Among such names are *Archer*, *Arrowsmith*, *Fletcher*, *Bowman*, *Massinger*, *Falconer*, and probably *Hooker*. *Draper* and *Napier* deserve explanation. The former in its early use seems to have meant simply a cloth merchant; the latter's dealings were not with *drapery*, but with *napery* only. *Napery* denotes table linen,

including the nappe or napkin used on washing hands before and after meals. The napier handed these napkins.

Some names which may be considered as names of occupation or office, are not so easily accounted for. Most of such names as *Pope*, *King*, *Prince*, *Lord*, *Earl*, *Bacon*, *Knight*, *Bishop*, *Priest*, *Monk*, *Chamberlain*, and others, must have been originally assumed and transmitted by persons who did not, in fact, hold the station indicated by the name. There is also much changing letters in names, and thus making them different names. With us the good old English *Smith* is corrupted into *Smythe*, *Smythe*, and at last even into *Smithers*, just as *Simon*, the cobbler in '*Lucian*,' when he grew rich called himself *Simonides*. Such traits of human nature have frequently been observed from the time of *Simon*, the Greek cobbler, to that of *John*, the English *Smith*.

IV. We next arrive at names derived from the Christian name of father or mother. In very early times the addition to the child's name of that of the father was not unusual; and the surnames so formed was transmitted to the descendants when surnames became hereditary. In the principality of Wales a small number of surnames thus derived embrace the bulk of the whole population. *Jones*, *Johns*, *Evans*, severally correspond to our English *Johnsons* in their meaning. *Bethel*, *Bowen*, (ap Owen,) *Davis*, *Robert*, *Roberts*, *Pugh*, (ap Hugh,) *Hughes* and *Williams* are of like origin. It is a little remarkable that the Britons of Cornwall should have derived most of their surnames from local objects, while the Britons of Wales derive theirs almost wholly from patronymics. The twelve largest families of the existing English nation are those known under the names of *Smith*, *Jones*, *Williams*, *Taylor*, *Brown*, *Davies*, *Thomas*, *Evans*, *Roberts*, *Johnson*, *Robinson* and *Wilson*, all which, except three (*Smith*, *Taylor* and *Brown*,) are derived from patronymics. Each Christian name gives rise to a variety of surnames. Among those from *Henry*, are *Harrison*, *Harris*,

Halken, *Hawes* and *Hawkins*, and probably *Hall*. *Ellis* produces *Ellison*, *Elkins*, *Elkinson*, *Ellis*, *Elliot*, and *Elliotson*. From *David* we have not only *Davies*, which we have just seen was a very numerous class, but also the several families of *Davidson*, *Davy*, *Dawes*, *Dawson* and *Dawkins*. From *Hugh* we have *Hughes*, *Hugget*, *Huggins*, *Hugginson*, *Hewitt*, *Hewson*, *Hewell*, and seemingly *Whewell*. From *Nicholas* we have *Nicholson*, *Nichols*, *Nixon*, *Cole*, *Collins*, and others.

Bastards appear, not unfrequently, to have taken as a surname, *Fitz*, prefixed to the name of either their mother or supposed father. In our own day, each of the children of William, Duke of Clarence, and Mrs. Jordan took the name of *Fitzclarence*, those of the Duke of Sussex and Lady Augusta Murray were *D'Esle*. Proceeding on in the derivation of names we have *Nelson* from *Nell*, *Nanson* from *Nan*, *Patterson* from *Patty*, *Thompson* from *Tom*, *Jackson* from *Jack*, *Watson* from *Wat*; from Gregory *Gregg* and *Greyson*; from Geoffrey, *Jeff*, *Jephson* and *Jefferson*; from *Gabriel*, *Gabb*; from Gilbert, *Gibbs*, and *Gibson*, *Gibbens* and *Gibbon*; from Matthew *Matts* and *Mattson*, *Matthews* and *Mathers*; from Samuel, *Sams* and *Simpson*; from Simons, *Simms* and *Simpson*; from Richard, *Dick* and *Dixon*. Of this last numerous but obscure family, two younger branches, those of *Richardson* and *Dickens*, have been ennobled by literature; the former in the author of 'Claressa Harlowe,' and the latter in Charles Dickens. While speaking of patronymics, we may mention *Paul*, its diminutives, *Pollock* and *Polk*, and derivatives *Paulson*, *Pauson*, and, as seems probable, *Porson*. Enough for patronymics.

V. Our fifth class comprises descriptive names. Bodily peculiarities have given rise to the greater part of this class of surnames; but some which indicate mental qualities must also be noted. Among the latter are *Good*, and *Goodman*, and *Goodenough*, and *Goodfellow*, and *Best* and *Perfect*, *Sage* and *Wise*, *Meek* and *Moody*, *Gay* and *Joyce*, *Savage*, *Sly* and *Wild*,

Wake and *Quick*. Of the names just mentioned, *Sage*, *Savage*, and *Wake*, and probably others, were used at the beginning of the 13th century. The surnames derived from bodily peculiarities are intelligible for the most part, even to the uneducated. Every one understands the meaning of *Bigge*, *Little*, and *Liddell*, *Long* and *Longman*, *Short* and *Straight* and *Crump*, *Armes* and *Armstrong*. We have now *Grant*, *Shanks*, *Hand*, *Legge* and *Back*, *Head* and *Foot*, *Greathead* and *Lightfoot*, *Side* and *Heaveside*. Surnames like these, taken from bodily peculiarity, were occasionally used among the Anglo-Saxons, some centuries before the Norman conquest, and long before surnames were hereditary in England. We thus, therefore, find our familiar modern surnames, *Black* and *White*, *Ironside* and *Mitchell* are about a thousand years old, and the name of *Brown* has antiquity some centuries higher than the reign of King John, and comes out of the very forest. Several of animals which figure in the old story of Reynard the Fox, bear names derived from their bodily peculiarities and appearance; and a very ancient and widely diffused name of the Bear is *Bruin*, *Braun*, *Brunus*, *Brunellus*, so that he stands at the very head of the *Bruin*, *Brown* and *Brunel* families. *Brown*, *Black* and *White* are the commonest names of this class. *Rous* and the diminutive *Russell* also belong to it, and like *Blunt*, indicated at first the color of the hair.

In other instances the name is specifically descriptive of the precise bodily peculiarity for which it was first bestowed; as in *Blackhead*, *Blacklock*, *Redhead*, *Whitehead*, *Silverlock*, *Silver-top*, *Fairhead*, *Fairfax*. Not only have we the compounds *Blacklock*, *Whitelock* and *Silverlock*, but the simple word *Locke* is a not uncommon surnames. Custom and armour also gave names. The names of Robert *Curthose* and Hugh *Capet* occur early. A great Earl of Anjou was called *Grisa-gonella*, or *Grey-gown*, from the garment which he wore. And *Long-espee*, *Strong-bow*, *Fortescue*, (strong-shield) surnames all well known

in the English language, have a like origin. The *Pilgrim* who returned from Jerusalem, carrying a Palm-branch, was a Palmer. *Shakespeare*, *Breakspear*, *Winspear*, *Wagstaff*, *Bickerstaff*, and other similar names, must first have been bestowed on persons skilled in the use of the weapon mentioned.

VI. The sixth class consists of names derived from the animal, mineral and vegetable kingdoms. Some names from the animal kingdom indicate a state of society when the intercourse of man with wild beasts was much greater than it is now. The Saxons, while yet Pagans, would sometimes desire to have their children imitate such properties of courage as they observed to be in some kind of beasts, such as they esteemed to be beasts of battle, as is, among others, the bear. The names of such beasts, therefore, served to form names for the children of the Saxons. Such a proper name obtained from the bear is still preserved in *Bernard*, *Ursus* and *Urso* are names of great antiquity. Some of the name, *Burns*, *Brudge*, *Berworth*, *Berney*, *Berenham*, *Beresford*, *Berford*, *Berwick*, *Baring*, *Bearcroft* and *Bearsley*, may be derived from the bear. Of the *Wolf* we have, in our ancient nomenclature, very ample traces. The religious light in which the animal was regarded, in consequence of his constant attendance on the conquering deity, Odin or Woden, may have had a share in causing the frequent adoption, in very ancient times, of names derived from the Wolf. In England, names of places, many centuries older than any hereditary surnames, have originally been derived from the Wolf: *Wolfham*, *Wolfhill*, *Great Wolford*, *Wolfpits*, *Wolfcote* and *Wolferlow*. The word *Woolley*, which is still the name of many places, probably always means *Wolfey*. The Fox, not having been exterminated among us, has given use, in comparatively modern times, to surnames in the families of *Fox*, *Tod* and *Todhunter*. But let us not leave unnoticed the Boar of the ancient forest; he has contributed more than the Wolfe, Fox or Bear to our modern

family nomenclature. His best known descendants are the *Pigg* and *Hogg*, who trace their pedigree through *Porcus*, recorded under King John in the Fine Rolls, and who are accompanied by their attendant *Pigman*. The *Hogg* spreads into younger branches of *Hoggett* and *Hoggins*, with which *Piggins* and *Swinnock* may perhaps be reckoned, and the common fate of them all, is suggested by the formidable names of *Spic* and *Speckard*, *Hogflesh*, *Gammon* and *Bacon*, *Pigdon*, *Pignells*, *Pighles*, and seemingly *Pickles*, *Hogwood*, *Swinburn*, *Sowden*, *Sowerby*, and *Swinnerton*. The *Wildbores*, of course, claim a direct descent from the *Boar* of the primeval forest. There are also *Hawkes*, *Hares*, *Patridges*, *Crowes*, *Sparrows* and *Ravens*. The diminutive *Gosling* is common, and even *Goosey* is more frequently met with than *Goose*. The ancient *Cockerel* is still preserved, and may now be compared with *Duckerell*, which is not so common, and has not been made so illustrious as the name of *Drake*, *Ram* and *Tupp* are rare. *Sheep*, we believe, is not in use, but *Lamb* is very common. We have some *Bugs*, *Emmetts*, *Hérons*, *Ferns* and *Reeds* still.

The minerals and vegetable kingdom furnish a considerable variety of names to the lords of creation. A few instances will suffice. To represent the mineral kingdom, we may nominate Bishop *Jewel*, Col. *Steele* and Senator *Salt*, backed by *Gold*, *Silver* and *Brass*, together with *Goldsmith* and *Brazier*.

The vegetable kingdom presents *Primrose*, *Maple*, *Ash-Poplar*, *Thorn*, *Cressey*, *Pine*, *Pepper* and *Peppercorn*.

VII. The above classes contain the bulk of the English surnames now in use; but there is one considerable class as yet unmentioned; it is that class of surnames introduced by foreigners. They were introduced at different periods of English history. They have introduced such surnames as *Almann*, *Almayne*, *Dalmaine*, *Janeway*, *Bret*, *Britain*, *Burgin*, *Burgoyne*, *Dane*, *Flanders*, *Fleming*, *Franceis*, *Gaskin*, *Hanway*, *Norman*,

Pickard, Lambert, Loring, Poilevin, Sterling, Wallis, Walsh, Scott, Baden, Schweitzer, Polack, Finn, Phinn.

Of the above names a few occur in the Domesday Book, more are found under the princes of the house of Plantagenet, and some are of comparatively recent importation.

This short essay on surnames was written with especial reference to English surnames, that is, those in use now in England; it may at first sight look strange that we did not select our own country, but it must be evident to all that it would be impossible to give any one a clear idea of American surnames without you yourself understood almost every language on the Globe; for the surnames of America are names of recent importation from every quarter of the world. We need hardly apologise to our readers for inviting them, as we have done, to survey in some detail the varied sources of that English nomenclature, which is destined to spread over so large a part of the whole world.

THE GENIUS OF LITERATURE.

History is a record of character. It is the echo of the great voice of humanity speaking in perpetual praise or entreaty,—the great soul of our common Nature, hungering and thirsting after happiness and Truth. The Past is a monument of its struggles! All Heroism and Philanthropy, all Courage and Skill are the outbursts of the deep, chastened passion of sublime character. These are the themes which command the inspiration of the historian. Cowardice, Tyranny, Faint-heartedness and Ignorance exist only in contrast; for where there is light, shadows come too, and they also deepen the effect of the picture.

Truth is debtor to Antiquity—"both to the Greek and the

Barbarian." The vast resources of its intellect have fallen to our heirship, and exemplify the *ancient* power and excellence of undying principles. Their defeats and victories are enacted again in song and story, for warnings and encouragement. We, in sunny July, harvest the bending grain, which their sowers, in the dreary Springtime, committed to the unfrozen earth.

" O Past!

Whatever of true life there was in thee,

Leaps in our Age's veins; * * *

To thee thy dross is clinging!

For us thy Martyrs die, thy Prophets see,

Thy Poets still are singing."

But this light shines not over the shadowy confines, for us to stare upon, until the gaunt shapes, and lovely apparition, which our fancy paints, gathering strange and hallowed drapery about them, seduce our hearts into Idolatry; but rather, to discern by its illumination, the magnitude and importance of those great interests which are connected with our destinies. Wherefore, living under a grander dispensation, it is chiefly

" When images of old Error fall,

Earth worshipped once as deathless,"

that we have sure evidence of our own progress. It is from an historical contemplation of representative men and their works, that the power and oneness of all intellectuality is felt. We see a spiritual creation, whose properties attract and edify us. Experience can trace some of its mysteries to their sources in our own nature. Beauty exerts an influence unfelt before, and in its power over us we have an intuitive sense of truth or reality. Cherishing the fleeting sense as a symbol of something actual and precious, we make it ours by patient thought. It becomes a motive; and our abstract thing, inspired by some passionate energy, flies forth the property of the world. Like that ancient man, we received the bird through a window, and having retained the olive twig, dismissed the blessing upon another mission of love. We will not expect its return. This

is genius—the art of representative manhood. One thus endowed is “isolated among his companions, by truth and by his art, but with this consolation in their pursuit, that they will draw all men, sooner or later. For all men live by truth, and stand in need of expression.” His is a more perfect humanity than others, his types and emblems are fairer and clearer, and the heart must beat responsive to that ritual.

The genius of literature is a creative energy, which discerns, develops, and recreates the truth of Beauty. It is characterized, first, by a spirit of necessity for expression, which it has, and then, by its power of creative production. Creative energy is characterized by three elements, which originate representative stages in its development—(I.) original spirit, (II.) creative faculty, and (III.) spiritual efficiency.

I Original spirit is the native faculty by which *truth* in beauty is detected, and separated from mere *fancy* and *fiction*. This is the germ and essential mark of genius. It yields now to a high law of development. The same principle first inspiring it with the keen instinct and piercing vision, nourishes those habits of life which protect and assist its unfolding powers according to their need. Permeating through every pore of the soul's organism, its own exquisite and immortal vigor enlarges and purifies those emotions and aspirations, which are peculiarly personal, until the expanding thought bursts forth into a creative deed, beautiful, and sensitive, yet prophetic of future mightiness. It is the earliest act, the first bloom of pregnant thought. Although the snow, and last Autumn's leaves encumber it, it heralds the dreamy sunshine. Education is still necessary to success. Thereby hidden resources are drawn forth, tried and adorned material prepared, and a healthy development of temperament and soul promoted. The necessity and direction of individual action is best learned by study and experience. In all the great “secret of genius, is to suffer no fiction to exist for us; to realize all that we know;

and first, last, midst, and without end, to honor every truth by use."

II. Faculty is the natural result of repeated and well-directed effort. By as much as any one prudently trusts to himself in little things, by just so much will he make himself worthy of confidence in all. With the discovery of this truth, manly character begins its development. Afterward the one necessary thing is activity. There is no substantiality in "that good which is *done for us*." The noble character and trained intellect are evolved, little by little, from the mass of vanities which envelope all our knowledge and daily life.

The faculty to which genius attains is creative and progressive. "The soul active sees absolute truth, and utters truth, or creates." In this act it is sound, educated, unconscious genius.

III. We have now reached that era in representative character, when Genius is active and powerful in creative production. The treasures of early thought are now recalled by the busy, skillful hand into moddled beauty and symmetry.

Physical beauty is a type and symbol of the spiritual, and higher loveliness. Genius, by the original and unconscious use of these living verities, is an interpreter of God, shining in Nature and man. What, in them, is often changing and obscure, it embodies in grand and glorious forms, which hides the earthly and perishable by skillfully arranged drapery of moral fairness. The nobler emotions spring forth spontaneously in the steadfast gaze; the baser passions recoil within the gloom. Genius is powerful in its sacred passion. In art or literature, it is the majesty of man's high ideal which fascinates and purifies us. It is moral beauty and truth which speaks. In universal literature, the human soul in every phase of its being speaks. Its petitions, reveries, joyousness, enthusiasm, all disclose some absolute or eternal truth, which mediates between a human and the *divine* intelligence. "In

the lowest degree, as well as at the height of being, God is everywhere met, for God is truth, and truth is everywhere. Literature studies Nature, elevates us to the laws that govern it, and makes it as it were a living truth. It studies, above all, humanity; humanity is much greater than Nature, for it comes from God as well as Nature, and knows Him while Nature is ignorant of Him. Its especial mission is to inculcate the spirit of search and love for truth, and to refer it to that Immortal Being who is its source. The more we know of truth the more we know of God." That literature, therefore, which survives until now, "as a literature of power finished and unalterable among men," is a history of a progressive following after God. Ever since the primeval curse, "in the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread," the Nations groping by the dim light of Reason and Nature have chiefly wrought in bondage to Ignorance and Error. But truth, committed as a holy trust to men, has been still sustained and promoted. Voices in prophecy and song have spoken of Faith and Courage. Holy men have wrought in the silent studies of midnight, and amid the hum and cares of busy days. Utterances for freedom have everywhere at some time startled men, and aroused aspirations for nobler, holier life. By way-marks or mile-stones, we can trace all the way to that lonely inn at Bethlehem; and then, in the sunlight of revelation, we mark more joyfully the progress of "peace on earth and good will toward men," until now.

O language, thou art truly "the all-embracing art of man!" Bridging the stream which surges and roars on this side of the great domain of the Past, thou, assiduous both in fruitful and in scanty years, hast garnered the vast treasures of universal human thought, to pour them at our feet!

Amid the hourly recurring miracles of steam and electricity, we unravel from the great web of time, threads of the very same humanity, which now clothes us. It is plain, gay, brittle and elastic still!

When we travel through some strange land, or along an obscure and dangerous road, the voice of friendly greeting, or direction, is pleasant and refreshing as the summer shower to the parching plant. Sweetly fall those tones upon the ear, and the heart is reanimated with cheerfulness and courage! Shortly the journey is accomplished! in the coveted retreat which was sought, we are satisfied! So is it with they who seek the warning and encouragement of well-ordered genius. Its works are "the shadow of a great rock in a weary land."

Men generally are petulant and headstrong. The bitter experience of life may sometimes teach wisdom, sometimes only prudence; but oftenest it is wholly wasted. Few indeed of the myriads who come and go become really courageous or truly self-reliant. Fewer still acquire the beautiful spirit of earnest humility. The world cherishes a false and hollow standard of education to an exclusion of the true and solid. But yet the earnestness of truth and love cannot wholly die. It must yet conquer. Here and there a soul whose better instincts some accident has developed and chastened, lives to write and sing those truths when men love to ponder upon. When such a man writes, or such a woman sings, Shallow-heartedness seeks a hiding-place. Stalking corruption cowers, trembling lest its flimsey veil should be torn off, and its haggard visage exposed to ridicule and contempt.

"To them the smiling soul of man shall listen,
Laying awhile its crown of thorns aside,
And once again in every eye shall glisten
The glory of a nature satisfied."

The greatest glory of literature is to speak to the common heart of humanity—the intellectual poor, the lame, the halt, the blind. Herein is its greatest power manifested, that the unconscious author speaks with a depth and pathos unfathomable by the most profound criticism; and yet in kindred simplicity and love, tells of hope to the desponding, faith to the

despairing, and rest to the weary, beyond the frequent shadows of these cold, storm-bound skies. It points far across the tide which swells and sighs at our feet, to the signal lights swinging to and fro in the distant city, where this pilgrimage shall end.

"It may be glorious to write
Thoughts that shall glad the two or three
High souls, like those far stars that come in sight
Once in a century;
But better far it is to speak
One simple word, which now and then
Shall waken their free nature in the weak
And friendless sons of men;
To write some earnest word or line,
Which, *seeking not* the praise of Art,
Shall make a clearer faith and Manhood shine
In the untutored heart.
He that doth this in verse or prose,
May be forgotten in his day,
But surely shall be crowned at last with those
Who live and speak for aye."

MODERN SENTIMENTALISM—A SATIRE.

BY A. POOR PROSEWRITER, ESQ.

"Ætas parentum pejoravis, tulit
Nos nequiores, mox daturos
Progeniorem vitiosiores."

When Orpheus first attuned the living lyre,
And "woke to ecstasy" its mournful wire,
Obedient to its wild and varied strain,
Nature relaxed her "ancient, solitary reign;"
Meandering rivers ceased their onward way—
Resisting oaks bowed at the melting lay.
Not thus effective is the poetry
Which floats from Jersey's undulating lea;

Nor thus to storied ecstasy inclines,
 The numbers born beneath her living pines.
 But classic shades, where crowds ambitious throng,
 Are fit retreats for architects of song ;
 And fit materials everywhere are found,
 In sea and air and in the blue profound !
 O! thou, Erato, bold and lustrous Maid,
 Trust me, I pray, to Genius for my trade !
 To Princeton bend thy sympathetic ear
 And learn the cares which cause the human tear.
 Then give to song, Maid of amative arts,
 The secret yearnings of corroding hearts !

A Roman poet, in the dusty road,
 Of dull dry thought, drops this fresh episode :
 " Old Pentheus by Gods to madness doomed,
 Saw in yon heavens two mighty suns entombed ;
 Dire bands of furies haunt his constant way,
 And Thebes seems doubled in the cloudless day."
 It's probable this worthy swain indulged
 (Though I'm not sure, the fact is not divulged,)
 In stimuli like " Binninger " and " schnapps,"
 Which oft had passed his ever ready chops,
 Until his mind, by many applications,
 Was dolefully inclined to aberrations.
 Thus in our day, young men defaced with oil,
 And robed by tailors in " a dem foine stoyle,"
 Drink, smoke, play cards and chew, because it seems
 That these are early Manhood's rising beams,
 Starting athwart the gloomy path of youth.
 How new and noble is this plea, forsooth !

Not cards alone, nor yet New England rum,
 Are all the sources whence excesses come ;
 For the constituent elements of fools
 Are wholly native,—not derived from schools.
 " Whatever Nature hath in sense denied,
 She gives in large recruits of needful pride ;
 Pride, when wit fails, steps in to our defence,
 And fills up all the mighty void of sense."

I.

The point where sentimentalists commence,
Is where they leave the path of truth and sense.
The youth who gains, by many tears and yawns,
Good Cæsar's bridge—the asinorum pons—
Betakes himself with studious zeal to search,
Without the promptings of an Usher's birch,
For hair primeval on his hopeful face,
The store for broad cloth, and his form for grace.
Not yet are tails appended to his coat,
Nor has he ceased to learn his task by rote.
Romantic tales inflame his virgin soul!
Heroes and maids, whom adverse Fates control,
Draw from his heart the tribute of its sighs;
Tears sympathetic wet his boyish eyes:
And throwing by the yellow-covered book,
He seeks a lodge in some secluded nook.
On thought-fledged wing his soul its cage forsook,
And lost in brighter worlds realities of this.
Sweet thoughts of love, and dreams of bliss,
The fair-brow'd maiden, and th' impassioned kiss;
Th' rural cot, by flowers and foliage hid,
Of unromantic mercenaries rid;
O moonlight rambles, and cerulean sky,
Which smiles on hope, and bodes fruition nigh;
O gentle starlight! cast about thy charm,
And save such souls from unromantic harm!
An instance now is present to my mind,
Of morbid affectation of this kind.
A swain I knew who other swains surpassed,
Much as an Artist's first work does his last;
Who always took much credit to *himself*
For his good clothes, and for his Father's wealth.
Whom any one, morn, noon and night, might meet
Conning his task while passing down the street.
To some this course might imply wondrous zeal,
In storing knowledge for his future weal;
But they who *knew*,—they of the olden time
Knew this to be hypocrisy sublime.

For as he walked he gave the leaves sly twirls,
Meant to attract the attention of the girls.
And when at night he laid his books aside
Within his room, he missed the Fair, and sigh'd ;
Altho' bow-legged, as some profanely said,—
(But I should say circumference-legg'd instead,)
Some hairs which grew upon his lateral face,
Were cherished as redeeming *lines* of grace,
For never till they had a place and name,
Said he, "with girls could I achieve a fame!"
So oft he stroked them with intensest joy,
And vowed they should some maid to love decoy.

May any doubt of his entire success,
Who impudently can the Fair address?
Since self-conceit, of all things in this age,
A woman's kindest sympathies engage ;
And of all men, who has the fewest brains,
The highest favor with "the sex" maintains,
For everywhere "Birds of an equal feather,"
Are seen in airy journeyings together.

As fleshly ills some symptoms do afford,
So signs of love must always have occurred ;
And to our Hero its advent divine,
Was presaged e'er he saw the maid ; in fine,
Whether in school inclining o'er his slate,
Or in the church with holy joy elate,
Or stretched at ease where crystal streamlet purls,
In pining thought his soul adored the girls ;
And when an object to those thoughts was given,
Her smiles were deemed an antetaste of Heaven.
Returning Night, whose dew-drops bribed the moon,
Beheld him haunting, till its shadowy Noon,
The enchanted dwelling where by Angels kept
The cherished object of his *first love* slept.
Often, 'tis said, he left his task for tropes,
To build by verse an airy house of hopes,
Grinding on scrannel-pipes lyric refuse,—
Th' convulsive efforts of Youth's morbid muse.

As faults to sins, and calves to kine increase,
And sheep once sheared still generate a fleece,
So in that soul, by Cupid stormed at last,
Sight through all grades to admiration passed
And admiration to heroic love.

What maid, indeed, can whiskers fail to move!

II.

As magnets do by Nature's law attract
When nicely placed by philosophic tact,
So boys and girls from apron-strings untied
In love heroic deem them glorified.
The gentle cats, in mind and body sick,
Know well the virtue of a heated brick!
The exhalations of primeval love,
As safety valves, for future comfort prove.
He scrawls her name in bold, laborious strokes,
And with his own her dear initials yokes,
As cutting them upon each smooth-barked tree
He wanders idly o'er the sunny lea,
Not all the power of verse melodious and full,
Which youthful Taste from Grecian Artists cull,
Nor precious vestiges of Her—imperial Rome—
Whose arts and arms have garnished many a tome,
Whose works of Genius to our Age has come—
All wealth of Thought in prospect, cannot coax
His soul from Sentiment's egregious hoax.
Unrestful slumbers and nocturnal tears,
The healthy bloom from virgin-faces bears
Pale Melancholy takes her gloomy seat,
And turns bright earth into a glorious cheat.
When the complaints which on their vitals prey,
Have eased a little near the close of day,
Perchance, "got up to kill," emitting perfumes sweet,
They exercise a *little* in the crowded street.
I, disinclined to flirt, do love to walk
Abroad and see the yearnings of such folk,
For *beaver hats* going by with fine young men,
Whose certain age is one score years less ten;

A kid glove, too, if 't grasps a faultless cane,
Will never plead at their heart's door in vain;
Nor would I pass *moustaches* idly by,
For they are potent in a maiden's eye.
Of all those maids whose present joys are brief,
Whose forms betray "the sear and yellow leaf,"
Oh! that stern fate by his relenting, would
Save one choice brand from ancient maidenhood!

Might we draw near and hear the soft discourse
Which maids and gallants mutually disburse,
We could not sketch with malice aforethought
The massive words in cumbrous phrases wrought;
Small thoughts peep out the ornamental dress,
Which "overload their very littleness."
Their common acts, (the dross of purest gold,)
To dizzy heights are mutually entolled;
And common thoughts from Earth's four quarters glean'd,
Come through their minds of all their virtue clean'd,
But trick'd in gaudy and redundant words,
And all the trappings which bad taste affords,
So sponges suck the water they're held o'er,
So by compression yield again their store;
'Tis water still—but dirtier than before!
Such affectations cling e'en unto men
Whose ages near the three score years and ten;
Bombast its crop of pride and mouthings brings;
Youth's strutting gait is Age's stately steppings;—
And Age will blast its chastened imagery
With withered blooms of Youth's hyperbole!
Just as the Boor when first transferred to town,
In walk at least essays to "cut" the clown;
But e'er he thinks, 'tis his peculiar fate,
He sees a plow, and strikes his rolling gait.

III.

Time journeys onward, and wise-acres say
That progress is the order of the day!
A fact, forsooth! which will not be denied,
Since her footsteps are seen on every side!

A courteous treatment in these days is due,
Not to yourself, but to your clothes—if new;
And warm politeness, by the latest rules
Denied to worth is lavished upon fools;
While he who high in public favor stands,
Our equal pity and contempt demands.
How to increase the mean empire of Pride,
And faster still to hasten time and tide,
Are the deep truths which tax the modern Sage,
And constitute the progress of the Age.
So 'tis not strange that affectations rise,
And Earth can boast more errant fools than wise!

Then if within your secret breast there glows
The energy of him whom Genius knows,
Seek not distinction in a doubtful way,
By wedding all the errors of the day;
But turn about and dare to face the worst—
By Truth and Reason men were never curs'd!
Dare to uplift the sad and drooping head,
Seem to despise, but never stoop to dread
The sneer of Mediocrity and Guile,
Meet chilling pride with its own scathing smile!
For these must cross your straight and narrow path,
And you will perish if you dread their wrath!

If you have yielded to love's pleasing dream,
And all around you Fancy casts her beam
Of borrowed light from stern reality;
While leisure hours and every evening see
You sitting blissful at the charmer's feet,
To blame the hours that they should pass so fleet—
Superior rise to cares which thus entomb
Your powers in sloth, and bind your soul to doom!
You are afraid to meet the wiles of men,
To work for wealth beyond your present ken,
A wealth of soul, a heritage of Truth,
The consummation of a well spent youth!
Why cower and tremble before little souls,
Grown rich in bonds, and brainless as to polls,

Forgetful that you have within yourself
Something superior to this yellow pelf,
If you'd knock off the cursed chains that bind
To sickly themes the genius of your mind !

Not thus who sees life in its nobler phrase,
And traces Truth through all her devious ways ;
Who honors God, and with a willing hand
Assists His creatures as their cares demand ;
Whose active soul pursues the Saviour's plan,
To smooth and grace our Being's narrow span ;
And from his comprehensive duties spares
No idle hour for Love's heroic cares !
O, when on earth his glorious race is run,
And the descent through gloomy shades begun,
While thickening shadows press upon his brow,
His final accents uttered hard and low,
Attune the prelude of Seraphic strains,
Beginning then where Truth immortal reigns.
The ready wind of nobler, holier Love,
The guardian of his gloomy road shall prove,
And living fruitage by the crystal stream
Shall be his own, "*and Life beyond Life's dream.*"
For such the Poet's "mystic lyre is wreathed,"
For them the "spirit tones of music breathed ;"
Their pulseless forms the Sculptor's skill has wrought
Into cold life, where life's great truths are taught ;
And Time himself by a sublime decree,
Is guardian of their immortality.

THE RECITATION ROOM.

There is philosophy in reciting a lesson, which is daily exemplified in the Class Room. Students are practical philosophers in this, as in many other respects ; and the recitation room affords an ample field for the display of talents of this order. An exposition of some of the many expedients which

are resorted to in order to maintain a respectable standing in class, may be of interest to those who do not particularly notice every-day college life.

Let us attend a recitation on Mental Philosophy. The first person called upon is a peculiarly knowing looking individual, who in a loud tone soon exonerates himself from any suspicion of stupidity. He evidently has talent, but renders himself obnoxious by his ill-conceited desire to display his knowledge. He is a fair specimen of the conceited class, and doubtless has one of the "honors" in view. His recitations indicate study, calculated more to produce an effect than to store his mind with useful information. Mr. Vainboaster attends recitations with commendable regularity, and never, upon any occasion, fails to take advantage of an opportunity to pass his decision upon any mooted question. In fact, the gentleman is inclined to be disputatious, and hesitates not to flatly contradict his preceptor. Neither are his classmates exempt from his effrontery; not only does he correct their statements, but takes the very words out of their mouths. Mr. Boaster is also a great Greek scholar. *Alceste* is mere child's play to him, so that "trans" and interlineations are altogether unnecessary for him. He is remarkably officious in explaining complicated passages, and insists that his rendering is both elegant and correct. He enters into lengthy discussions upon Greek roots, oftentimes extracted from his fertile imagination, and his acquaintance with dusty tomes and ancient authors, of whom no one else has ever heard, is truly wonderful. But enough of Mr. Boaster, whom, we are happy to say, is not often to be met with in college. With a mere allusion to those who, on account of general debility, frequent attack of chills and fever, or other similar causes, attend recitations very seldom; but when they are present are orderly, and make perfect recitations; but let us glance at that class, who, in college parlance, cut recitations.

Mr. Indolent Sharp is not constant in his attendance at class; he possesses the peculiar faculty of always absenting himself when a difficult lesson is to be recited; the recitation room, however, is always honored by his presence during a lecture. Mr. Sharp is always prepared for the intricacies of conic sections. He comes into the room among the last, and his whole attention is wrapt up in his book. He takes a seat in a retired position as possible, endeavoring to attract as little attention as prudence admits. When called upon to demonstrate a problem, he takes his position at the "black board" with his back to the Professor. As he proceeds to work his example a careful observer might detect a small piece of paper in his hand, from which he transfers the figures to the board; or his rolled up coat sleeve might display, upon which is written the problem to be solved. Great care, of course, is necessary to prevent detection in this mode of procedure, but our friend has the bump of caution largely developed. Mr. Sharp goes upon the principle, that "there is a proud modesty in merit," and when asked whether he will demonstrate a problem, invariably replies, "I'll try, sir." In fact such a question never rouses his "virtuous indignation," and his extreme bashfulness prevents him from volunteering his services when not positively necessary. He is perfectly unobtrusive in a mathematical recitation, and perfect decorum always marks his conduct. Questions he never asks, and the explanations of the Professor are entirely satisfactory to him, nor does he ever venture to dispute his authority. Mr. Sharp, unlike Mr. Boaster, never engages in learned disquisitions upon Grecian Poetry and Antiquities; his knowledge is limited to the question in hand; and to this he gives his undivided attention. Neither does he scorn the use of a "trans," and his book present a very sorry appearance, English and Greek being so intermingled as to be scarcely legible. His friends say that the

interpolations have decidedly the preponderance, though he is careful not to let them meet the eye of the instructor. In the English studies he proves himself very different from Mr. Boaster. His book is constantly open beside him, into which he casts furtive glances, for his position generally being behind, or partially concealed by a classmate, renders it a comparatively easy matter to one so experienced. His absences from recitation are the result of indisposition or necessary detention, and are not so frequent as to excite suspicions as to his motives.

Resembling in some particulars the class above mentioned, is Mr. Witty Harum Scarum. This personage is not at all politic, very frequently absenting himself from class, and attending only when "the spirit moves him," never considering whether the lessons be difficult or easy. In logic his general information enables him to make a passable recitation. Familiar with all the devices of the sophists, he is never caught in "the horns of a dilemma," nor is he accustomed ordinarily to resort to the *petitio principii*. He manages very skillfully to "shift the ground," however, and place the *onus probandi* on the shoulders of some one else, applying with great force the *argumentum ad hominem*. The *non tali pro tali* is frequently adopted, and he detects the most extraordinary analogies and coincidences, which he states with such an appearance of truth and candor, as to completely non-plus his duller classmates. He never fails to "clinch" his arguments, whatever may be the fallacy of his premises, and when reduced to extremities, applies Aristotle's dictum. Mr. Harum Scarum can always say something and is fluent and voluble in the manner of his recitations. It matters not whether his harangue applies to the subject, he can talk with equal clearness on any subject. Perspicuity he does not aim at; indeed, he rather avoids it, although impudence is no part of his composition; he is never confused, or at loss for words to express his mean-

ing. When utterly ignorant of the question propounded him, he quotes Shakespeare, and interlards his remarks with sentimental and humorous poetry, and sometimes descends to relating an anecdote. He passes with alarming rapidity from the sublime to the ridiculous, and is ready upon all occasions facetiously to "point a moral or adorn a tale." His wit and fun are exhaustless, and his remarks, instead of being forced and out of place, are always apropos. Mr. Harum Scarum always attends Natural Philosophy, because he can have so much fun; but here he pays no attention whatever to the screw and lever, or wheel and axle, but gives himself up to the influence of the hour, and causes unbounded merriment. His puns are constant, and he practically illustrates upon his classmates the principles of Mechanics and Hydrostatics.

He considers Socrates' Apology a "bore," and scruples not to "cut" the recitation pretty regularly. He is not morally opposed to "ponying," but considers it altogether too much trouble. Nor does he ignore the artifices of Mr. Sharp to avoid being called upon, and sometimes resorts to them. He makes it a matter of duty to use the weed, and expectorates freely upon the floor.

Many are the questions he asks concerning ancient worthies, and manifests the greatest interest in the welfare of those three demented individuals, who were so foolhardy as to expose themselves to the fury of the boundless deep in such a frail bark as a *tub*. His very boldness carries him through the most complicated passages of the classic authors, and it is very seldom that he is at loss to find some means of extricating himself from a difficult situation. Parsing is entirely beneath his Senior dignity, and he has actually forgotten the time when he could conjugate a Greek verb. His classmates prompt him when he is at fault for an answer, and he returns their kindness by telling them incorrectly, and is convulsed with laughter at their mistake. Should his teacher happen to be

absent when the bell strikes, he is ready to adjourn, and is the first to move to the door. Is there any misunderstanding as to the lesson, he is certain to have learned the wrong one, and he is frequently mistaken as to its length. It is impossible to write all concerning Mr. Harum Scarum; suffice it to say, that he is not destitute of natural abilities, but lacks application. One word more and we have done with Harum Scarum. A day or more preceding examination week, he may be seen applying his whole energies to his books, and upon that dreaded occasion passes through the "fiery ordeal" as successfully as his more studious classmates.

Mr. Unfortunate Dull is another character, which we will briefly notice. A representative of this class may be found in most every recitation room, who is an object of pity to the students and of discouragement to the Professors. Mr. Dull's abilities may at once be perceived from his title, though he is a hard student. But his labor seems to no purpose, for he never is known to have a perfect lesson. Moreover, he is very bashful, and peculiarly sensitive, and a harsh word drives every idea from his cranium. Rhetoric seems clear to him when studying it, but in recitation he confuses his own ideas, and can say nothing. He is truly unfortunate, and it seems fated, that the most difficult part of the whole lesson should be put to him. By the Faculty and all sensible persons, all such as he are considered victims to the cause of education.

Mr. Brainless Cringer is decidedly the most contemptible of all the class-room philosophers, and one who merits the contempt of both instructors and students. He always attends recitations, and as invariable is punctual. His expressionless countenance makes its appearance in the mathematical recitation room, gravely conversing with the Professor upon the "curve of a parabola," and in such a manner as to lead to the supposition that he may know something about it. If so unfortunate as to be called upon to demonstrate, he blunders

through the problem, and at the same time protesting that he was "unwell last night and unable to study." He often does not quite understand the steps of a problem, and requests the Professor to elucidate them. During such explanations he pays the strictest attention and asks questions. Recitation over, Mr. Cringer always makes it convenient to accompany the Professor from the recitation room to the chapel, during which confidential promenade, he endeavors to impress it upon his instructor's mind that his feeble health is a source of great anxiety to his parents, and who, on this account, oblige him to desist from hard study. Mr. Cringer is the very essence of propriety in the class-room, and nothings shocks him so much as hilarity and sport, which he considers as entirely out of place, both as disrespectful to instructor and beneath the dignity of Seniors. Although never hesitating to ask a class-mate for information, he considers it morally wrong to tell another himself in recitation. We may say, in conclusion, that Mr. Cringer is always unpopular with his fellow-students.

And now, kind reader, we have finished our sketch, and appeal to your judgment whether it is accurate. That there is philosophy in preparing and reciting a lesson we think you will admit, from the considerations of the characters which we have attempted to delineate. That such a philosophy is false, essentially false, and evil in its consequences, and is unworthy of a true scholar, we do not deny. How can we better close than in the words of the aged Polonius to his son—

Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportion'd thought his act.

* * * * *

Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice,
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.

* * * * *

This, above all,—to thine own self be true;
And it must follow, as the night the day
Thou canst not then be false to any man.

THE INSTABILITY OF NATIONS.

Religious proscription had done its work. Forbearance had ceased to be a virtue, and a few brave, resolute souls, with the holy determination to be no longer the cringing vassals of tyranny and oppression, committed their lives and fortunes to the perilous deep, trusting in the God of providence to bring their frail bark to a haven of safety. Their doubts and misgivings, their perils and privations, and above all, their heroic fortitude and love of freedom, have afforded themes for many a page, so that further remark at this time, on our part, would be superfluous; suffice it to say, that never did these last mentioned traits shine in greater brilliancy than in the character of our Pilgrim Fathers.

While the ice-bound shores of New England resound with their shouts of praise and thanksgiving, cast your eye far back over the further purlieus of old Atlantic's briny element. Behold that mighty country, ruled by a tyrannical sovereign, rent with civil feuds; her people, in reply to their many petitions for justice, insulted by the civil authorities, seized by the infuriated trainbands, and made to suffer death under some scanty pretext. Church and State at deadly variance, civilization retrograding, and in short discord in all its multifarious significations reigning supreme. France, the kingdom of an ambitious ruler, destitute of principle, courted by heartless sycophants, was in a condition little better.

Behold, among the primeval forests of North America, a mighty nation, free, independent, wealthy; a nation of equals rejoicing in the significant name of *democracy*. The snow white canvas of its shipping dotting the vast surface of the mighty oceans which wash its either shore. The busy hum of industry which pervades its borders proclaim a land where science and art have not been slow in the track of human progress. This land is the youthful giant of the world, the

shrine of civil and religious liberty; in the words of another, "The land of the free and the home of the brave." But even in our lifetime, what wonders have been wrought; what astounding realities have been brought to light. We are now oppressed by a severe conflict, we are passing through a trying ordeal, and it is incumbent upon us, as true Americans, to take some stand in this crisis.

It ought to be the first and paramount duty of men of all sections and parties to join hands and aid in saving the Union from division and dissolution. Let us for a moment look at the growth of the nation since the formation of the Government, and endeavor to perceive whether we do, or do not, owe some of it at least to the Union of the States. We began as a nation under the most unfavorable auspices, just having emerged from a war with the then leading nation of Europe, which, while it gained our independence, also prostrated our commerce and paralyzed our trade, we were subjected to all the innumerable and almost unbearable difficulties which could be heaped upon the shoulders of a young and consequently a weak people. But rousing that spirit of energy which has ever characterized this people, we spread the borders of our country South, North and West, until we commanded the Atlantic from the British possessions to the Gulf, the whole of the Northern shore of the Gulf and the Pacific seaboard, from British America to the Republic of Mexico. Possessing a country like this, and possessing, too, a spirit of bold enterprise amounting almost to daring, combined with an acuteness and business talent which no people, as a people, ever before possessed, the Americans soon became known in every land, and her flag floated on every sea.

The future of this nation, had it remained undivided, must have, in the nature of things, been eminently prosperous; every thing that is connected with our country betokens a progress and an advancement in everything calculated to promote its honor, integrity and dignity.

Our past rapid advancement, the glorious career which so signalized our prosperity was destined soon to find an end. Our Government has been overturned, our institutions have been injured, our flag insulted, and in fact the whole system disarranged. Sad indeed is the thought that this our beloved country should be rent asunder—that the ties which bind kindred hearts to one another should be broken, that a brother's hand should be raised against a brother, that the busy hum of industry should be displaced by the clash of arms and the groans of the dying, that instead of peace and harmony, discord and rebellion should reign.

But these trials cannot last—this storm cannot always continue. Should our attempts fail to preserve the integrity of our country, should all the plans and propositions which have been made to preserve the union of these States be prostrated, then may we weep over the grave of our country, and consider our hopes of liberty as blasted.

But it will not, it cannot be; through the thick gloom, through the overhanging clouds which so shadow the sun of liberty, I think I can descry a gleam of light, the faint glimmerings of success, expanding more and more, until a ray of sunlight now shines forth, and in that space, thanks be to God, the glorious stars and stripes, the pride of a nation, appear floating in the heavenly breezes, far, far above the reach of him who would seek to do it harm. Protect it, heaven, preserve it, freemen, as a sacred legacy; it floats too near the azure sky to lower it in the dust.

Let us join hands around the sacred altar and swear that it shall ever float in triumph over our happy land, and over the deep dug grave of traitors.

THE CHOICE OF HERCULES.

Far in the deep and silent glen,
Retired from the haunts of men,
Where a word is never spoken,
And the silence is unbroken,
Save by the rustling of the wind.
Hercules once even tarried,
Throwing down the load he carried,
And leaving all his toils behind.

He starts to hear the stirring sounds among the trees—
For the voices of women he hears in the breeze :
And he sees them approach o'er the plain from afar—
He hails them with gladness as his sole guiding star,
For he feels the sadness of one walks alone
In those paths of life where no beacon-lights are shown :—
And he cries in tones of sore despair—"Give, oh! give me peace,
And from the pangs of agony my troubled soul release."

The one, joyful, gay, happy and wild,
Pleasure's own daughter, laughing, replied—
"I will give you beds of the softest down,
And I'll place on your head the banquet crown.
I'll drown all your cares with the flowing bowl,
And with pleasures relieve thy troubled soul.
I'll soothe all your pains with music's sweet sounds,
And in clouds of perfume heal all your wounds."

But the other, by far the nobler bride,
With a smile and a blush calmly replied,
"With no beds of down, with no flowing bowl,
I'll drown your cares or soothe your troubled soul.
But when by labor, you may try to gain,
More enduring peace and a nobler name,
I then will smooth your troublesome path along,
With Hope my motto, and Virtue my song."

And of the two he chose the noble one,
The battle bravely fought, and well he won ;
And who is he who would not do the same,
For the one was Pleasure and the other Fame.

THE GERMAN AND FRENCH LANGUAGES.

In studying the spirit and the character of a language, the philosophic history of the opinions, manners and material habits is at the same time perceived, and the modifications which the language undergoes, shed great and brilliant light on the pathway of thought; but such an analogy would be decidedly metaphysical, and would demand such knowledge as it almost always wanting in foreign, and even sometimes in the French language. It is, therefore, indispensable to be bounded by the general impression which the idiom of a nation in its actual state produces. For this end the French, having been spoken to a greater extent than any other European dialect is both polished by use and made more accessible to investigation. No other language is more clear or more rapid, indicates more smoothly, or explains more simply what is wished. German, on the other hand, adapts itself with much less ease to a flowing conversation. From its very grammatical construction, the meaning is not ordinarily comprehended, until once the end of the sentence has been reached. Hence the pleasure of interrupting, which renders discussion so animated in France, and obliges him speaking quickly to deliver himself of that which he wishes should be heard, can have no existence in Germany, for the beginning of a phrase would there signify nothing without the close. Each one must of necessity be allowed full scope and unlimited time. This, to be sure, has the advantage that the aimed at is sooner reached, it is also a little more civil, but certainly not half so interesting. German politeness is more cordial, but less pleasant than the French. There is in it more regard for rank, and a certain precaution pervading it all. Flattery, rather than conciliation, is made use of among the former, and as the art of hinting at all things as natural, and seems to be one of the striking features of their language; the most delicate subjects

are brooked with almost impunity, while that of the other, although excelling in poetry, and extremely well adapted to metaphysics, is only too plain for common intercourse; while the language of the French is truly rich, only in its subtlety, which may express the most secret relations of society in a way altogether incomparable; it is poor and circumscribed in all that relates to imagination and philosophy. The Germans fear more the causing of anguish than they are anxious to please, whence it comes that they imposed laws as far as in them lay any politeness, and their language so bold in point, is most singularly servile in conversation, cramped by all the formulas by which it is overburdened. German is better adapted to poetry than prose, and to written than to spoken prose; it is an instrument of great use when it is proposed to print or speak the whole; but it is altogether impossible to glide from one subject to another as they chance to present themselves in the way, which the French enables us so to do. All grace and dignity would be lost to the German were the attempt made to treat it in the same manner as the French. The merit of the German is to *occupy* time to *some purpose*; that of the French to cause its course to be forgotten. Although the sense of a German sentence can seldom be ascertained but at the end, yet its construction will not always allow the phrase to close with, and thus emphasize its most important expression, although this most certainly is one of the most effectual means of creating an impression while conversing. Seldom indeed do these indulge in criticisms, with them thoughts themselves, and not the brilliancy of their utterance, is to be admired. To them a sentiment couched in glowing colors partakes of Charlatanism, and they rather lay hold of the abstract expression, because most scrupulously, and nearer akin to the essence of truth; but conversation should never throw any difficulty in the way of the ready apprehension of its meaning, or in the direct expression of the thoughts to be

uttered. As soon as the common interests of life have been fully discussed, and the sphere of the ideal is once entered upon, conversation in Germany becomes altogether too metaphysical—there lacks that happy medium between the vulgar and the sublime, which is so characteristic of the French; while really this very intermediate state is the only one really adapted to the art of speaking. The German has a peculiar brilliancy of its own. Society has not rendered it timid, and the pure and uncorrupted morals of the country have left it its pristine purity; but this brilliancy is national, and equally adapted to the use of the high and low; the curious, strange and odd sounds of some of their words, their antique ingenuousness give to mirth somewhat of the picturesque, which can be taken advantage of and enjoyed by the commonality as well as those of higher classes. The Germans are less embarrassed in their choice of expression than the French, because their language not having been made as great use of in the conversation of the great world, it is not composed, as is the French, out of words which a mere chance, an inopportune application, or an allusion have rendered ridiculous, and those which having undergone all manner of treatment from society at large, are proscribed, unjustly, perhaps; but yet would never gain admittance into conversation. Anger often expresses itself in German, but it has never been made the weapon either of quizzing, jeering, or derision, and the words there used are still, in all their truthfulness, possessing all their force: this is a further facility of expression in the German, but the French, on the other hand, is capable of a thousand delicate observations, and allows a thousand turns of thought, of which the German is altogether incapable. *Ideas* are the great standard of measurement among the Germans, persons among the French. With the Germans, as an aid, the matter in hand must be thoroughly sifted. With the French the end aimed at must be reached as soon as possible. The one is adapted to

the painting of nature ; the other, that of society. Goethe, in his romance of Wilhelm Meister, represents a German woman as saying that she first perceived that her lover was desirous of separating himself from her, from the fact that he wrote in French. There are in fact many phrases in the French language which speak and yet do not speak, which give hope without promising, which promise even without binding him promising. The German is less flexible, and it is well that it should remain so, for there is nothing which inspires more disgust than this Teutonic tongue, when it is made use of to utter a lie, of whatever nature it may be. Its lagging construction, its multitude of consonants repeated, and repeated again, its most erudite grammar sacrificing all grace and ease allow it no flexibility whatever, and one would almost be justified in saying that it refuses of itself to be made the instrument of anything save strict truth, and turn against and betrays him who would use it otherwise.

T. R. A. N. S.

IS AN ESTABLISHED CHURCH DESIRABLE?

In the discussion of this as of all momentous questions, concerning which there has been such a difference of opinion among the wisest and best of men, it is proper to assume an humble position, and from thence to advance our arguments with a spirit becoming it. It has been one of those great questions where inherent difficulty of solution has been infinitely increased by the importance of a proper conclusion. For next to the importance of pure doctrines in religion, is the manner of inculcating them so as to inspire the greatest respect and command the most implicit obedience. And it may well demand much thought, whether this can best be

accomplished by uniting it with the supreme human power. But let us be careful to discriminate between that extent of union, which leaves to each its proper sphere, and any by which the power and purity of either might be affected. The question at issue is involved in this discrimination, and depends in its result on the determination whether the establishment of a national religion is calculated to be beneficial or detrimental to the cause of religion and civil Government. The question is not whether such a relation as would exist were religion an independent overruling principle, guiding and directing all that pertains to government would be beneficial, but whether such an incorporation of it with civil power, as is known under the general term establishment, would have a good or evil effect. We shall attempt to view the question from two stand points.

I. From consideration of the nature of the two great systems involved, and in view of these to determine the expediency of these being united in such a manner as the question contemplates.

II. From a view of the past, and the various relations religion has sustained to government, to learn that relation best suited for it in the future.

(1.) The religion of our country is pre-eminently Protestant Christian, and as such stands infinitely above all human systems of government. Nor can it be incorporated with any without an entire distinction of the great principles which lie at its foundation. For if the conscience be subject to civil law it cannot bear at the same time a true allegiance to religion. Civil government requires an implicit obedience of all subject to it, but religion recognizes no rule save that of divine revelation, and no ruler save Him who sets enthroned in the heart, and whose kingdom is not of this world.

(2.) Civil government, although ordained by God, has to maintain for its only object the well-being of men during

their present existence, and it was formed for the mutual protection and happiness of all in their different spheres of life. It was not that one part, even if it predominated in numbers, should choose and maintain that religion which, though acceptable to many, may be burdensome upon others who have an equal right to their own principles and profession.

(3.) If civil government possessed power over the conscience, then that government alone which held the true religion would be a true government and worthy of obedience. But we are expressly commanded to submit to the powers that be. And God has left this power of government for the purpose of regulating society, and left it to human choice. And if they answer in any manner this purpose they are worthy of our respect and obedience. Civil government is an institution natural to mankind, and wherever they are collected we see them availing themselves of its (4) benefits. And it is by no means unworthy of notice that its principles are the same wherever found, and although with a diversity of administration, they govern alike the Christian and the heathen, the civilized and the barbarian. Were this not the case, how few of the many millions of earth would enjoy the blessings of civil government which are now spread throughout the world. Therefore let there be no legislation other than that which has for its end the welfare of the state, beyond which civil government has no authority, for civil government is a compact which should be capable of being adhered to at the same time by the unbeliever and the Christian, and the pagan, with mutual benefit. Otherwise it were unsuited even for the purpose of State government, for all men are not Christians, yet all have a right to an even share in the advantages of the civil government, for they may contribute alike for its support and efficiency.

(5) Having thus endeavored to prove that religious and civil government are not necessarily connected either by ord-

inance of God, or, what finally resolves itself into the same thing, the well-being of men, for if either demanded it, it would be, although not so emphatic, equally obligatory. I say having attempted to prove this, we shall endeavor to show the dangers consequent upon such a union as the question contemplates, and the evils which it produces. In the first place it is injurious to religion, and in the second to civil government. We can but regard their separation as a special act of Divine Providence. And the fact that He has not ordained their union in this sense proves not only that it was not necessary, but that it would be disadvantageous. For if unnecessary it is productive of evil. Experience has ever attested that good wherever unnecessarily mingled with evil has ever suffered. We do not mean by this that civil government where it answers its purpose is in itself an evil. But that the natural purity of religion can but be sullied by the being of God, what have been the effects of such corruptions in other countries upon the purest forms of religions, and what would have been their effects had our own country chosen a national form of religion? Surely not that of nourishing and strengthening it, and if not benefitted it must be impaired by such a connection.

We assert, then, that establishments tend to corruption in the church. (1) It introduces mercenary motives, for by holding out many tempting allurements which civil power can promise it brings many to its standards whose only desire is that of gain. (2) In a national church the worldly spirit of rivalry must insinuate itself, for it becomes a part of the State, and advancement in it is advancement in the State. And we know of no spirit more fatal to Christianity than this, for the teaching of Christ is, He that would be the greatest among you, let him become the servant of all.

(3) It tends to foster error, for existing as it may with the approbation of civil authority, it is encircled by the strong

arm of the law, and all honest endeavor to eradicate it is attended with difficulty and danger.

(4) It tends to destroy religious tolerance and arouse the demon of persecution, for it gives to one system the predominance of civil power. And with men power is an unnecessary incorporation with the best systems of human government, for it partakes of the weakness and wickedness which belongs to all human actions. Religion is a matter of conscience, and God alone can be the ruler and judge of the heart, for He only knows what it contains. And if the choice of a religion were a thing indifferent, where alone civil government has power to act, the corruption of those who rule in the best of governments is such as to strike poison to the vitals of a religion, however pure, committed to it for regulation. But the choice of a form of religion is not a thing indifferent, but one for which each individual is responsible to his God. And who can say that our government was competent to choose a proper national religion where its founders did not insert even the name of the Supreme Being in its constitution. Had this been true of the Federal Constitution alone, it would not be so strong a proof; but the omission is remarkable with but one or two exceptions in the constitution of every State of our country. This is a disgrace and impiety which we can regret and condemn as consistently as those who take the opposite side of the question. For we argue with them that it is incumbent upon civil government to acknowledge the being of God, and its dependence upon him. Short as has been our existence as a nation, our public men have been sufficiently corrupt to bring disgrace upon a government. Not even recognizes to do is synonymous with the accomplishment of the desire.

(5.) It tends to formality and hypocrisy, for pomp is a necessary accompaniment of civil government and the form prescribed soon steps into the place of the receding religion which it subverted.

(6.) Lastly, it is pre-eminently unsuited to our government; in that it is Republican, and being so is liable to a continual change, and that form of religion, which would be suitable to one administration, might be that one peculiarly hateful to its successor. Even in the monarchial governments the evil of establishments has shown itself in this way, and the greatest of their statesmen have been examples of the evil of this principle. Some remaining true to the late honored, but now condemned, religion suffered with it, while others, deserting it, became its most bitter and unrelenting persecutors, showing how sad are the effects likely to occur to those honest in their belief, and the falsehood and hypocrisy which it tends to produce.

(1.) It creates a confusion of power, the Civil becomes entangled with the Religious, and thereby affects the harmony of government.

(2.) It increases the danger of rebellion and civil war, for there is more danger of an infringement on religious liberty than on civil, and its possessors are none the less willing and ready to vindicate it.

(3.) It destroys the peace of the people, from there being a continual dread of persecution, and when it does come, as it often does, its imaginary evils do not exceed the real ones.

II. Under our second division of the subject, namely, what is to be learned from the past, we shall be able to enumerate but a few of the numerous facts bearing on the question. The great fact which we think will be chosen by the affirmative, namely, that of the Jewish Theocracy, has, we think, no strength for them, when it is duly considered, for there is an exception to the generality of governments. God hath not dealt so with any other people. He was at the same time their God and their King, and in a sense applicable to no other people; and even they are now abandoned of him, destroyed as a nation, and scattered throughout the whole world.

Eminent commentators have interpreted Nebuchadnezzar's dream of the image as applied to Rome. The head, which represented the kingdom, at first was strong as iron; but its feet, which represented its final weakness, were part of iron and part of clay, showing that its weakness and ruin came from the vain endeavor to mingle materials so different, and institutions so separate as religion and civil government. And the church of Rome, in her combination of civil and religious power, has cast a gloom over the world by its wide diffusion of ignorance, superstition and wickedness, whose alleviation is the work of centuries, prolonged and uncertain. The first three centuries of the church are those which she now looks back upon as the purest and best stage of her existence. It was during these that she held aloof from all connection with the State; and even further, her purity and strength increased by the opposition and persecution which she suffered from the State; and it almost seems that human government, learning that their opposition only lent strength to religion, sought to weaken it by incorporating it with itself.

We do not intend to argue that a continuous persecution is desirable, but that by this incorporation religion is divided against itself, whilst alone it presented a united front to the attacks of the adversary. The persecutions which have followed the power of civil government in religion have been among the greatest sources of suffering to men. The cruelty with which man has learned to treat his fellow, at variance with him in other matters, when he calls it into exercise in religion, differences seems to be almost infinitely increased. The horrors of the Inquisition will never cease to cause the blood to tingle, and the name of St. Bartholomew's day shall ever cause a gloom from the sad memory of its bloody scenes. The hard-fought Reformation, which began with Luther, is still laboring to bring religion to that supreme and independent place which she occupied before her pure principles became entangled and

hidden by the tyranny of kings and rulers; and let us not again place in their hands that power, so instrumental in bringing about that darkness, which seemed at one time to cover nearly the whole civilized world. Let it not, at least, be done in our own land. We have a glorious liberty, let us on the one hand guard it from destructive excess; but, above all, let us not surrender it, for although difficult to be properly exercised, it is a boon whose loss can but bring upon us sore calamity. Time has rolled on, and change succeeded change, but human nature is the same to-day as it was a thousand years ago, and freedom of conscience is too precious to be delivered into the hands of any human keeper. Governments have risen and fallen. Nations have flourished and passed away; but, thank God, religion has remained the same in its purity of principles, and ever will, because it has an independant eternal existence.

Editor's Table.

Junior Orator election, demerit marks, night patrols, and semi annual examination occupy the attention of all, and all are full of business. And while we see all thus engaged in the general perturbation, we must, like Diogenes, be allowed to roll around in our tub, and make a noise, that we may seem at least to be doing something, for there is danger in being a drone.

Junior Orator candidates! Oh! what visions of splendid speaking, crowded church, pretty faces, huge bouquets, and music drowned by applause, and then we see pride walking before, and know who cometh after. Pride goes before a fall. You live as in a fair, my dear J. C. O. You throw about your sugar plums as if they cost you nothing, and think a general hurrahing ample repayment. I would only just remind you of one

thing, that there is Madness in the Revels, but Reason comes a day after the Fair. It is trite enough to say, "How little do we know ourselves;" and because trite, the chances are, it is quite true; and this being true, how much less must we know of others. When a new code or system of laws are made, it is expected that those making them have informed themselves: 1st, Whether the condition and conduct of those, for whom the laws are made, require such laws. 2d, Whether there are not other laws or means better adapted for the end in view, than the particular ones which they propose to adopt. These two important and essential points must have been overlooked when the demerit system was made. For neither does the conduct or condition of those for whom they were made warrant such laws, nor is the means the best that might have been adopted for the end in view. Further, we object to these regulations on three grounds. 1st, They confound trivial improprieties of conduct with good scholarship. 2d, They inculcate disrespect and contempt when they pretend to implant respect and reverence. 3d, They proclaim that good behavior arises from certain laws and penalties, and not from the sound sense of an educated mind; and thus they admit, although they do not pay duty to the supremacy of humbug. But why institute ourselves a censor? Simply because it touches to the quick of the individual man. If a man had but one string of sensibility, upon which only a Paganini or a Mollenhauer might play, and that he could reserve all the rest for himself, things might be endured; but when all his strings are stretched, and many cheats are playing upon all, it must be expected that he will be a little out of tune, and that he will take the relief of complaining.

Not only is conduct restricted in the day, but night patrols have been established to keep us in our rooms at night. Most of the heroic protectors of the town and gallant defenders of the property of the citizens are romantic Seniors, sentimental Juniors, new Sophs, and unfledged Freshmen. All hail to the noble little band! The only perceptible effect it has had, is to cause a rise in the whiskey market.

Our last semi-annual is at hand ; and we will experience for the last time the hopes and blasted expectations, which always attend those august occasions. We will hear no more those stupendous stories about getting *hundreds*, and being put off with a grade of eighty, just because a few recitations were "cut." The cramming done on these occasions is wonderful, perfectly astonishing, in fact astounding. We have known some very promising young men to have stuffed the whole of Logic and Metaphysics, Differential and Integral Calculus, with Greek and Latin as side dishes, and Rhetoric as sauce, in the short time of one week ; but, to be sure, their digestion was a little out of order. Take warning Freshman, lest cramming thou, perchance, stuffest thyself so full that thou burst, and comest to an end, whereof no man knoweth ; but train mind and body so that those digest well, whatever thou consumest.

May good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both.

Mr. Rowand, the watchmaker, was murdered on the night of November 3d, while returning home, by one Charles Lewis. The murder was the first that has ever been committed in the borough of Princeton, and it very naturally startled the good people. The murder was one of the most cold-blooded and atrocious of which we ever recollect hearing. But we are happy to know that the evidence against the prisoner is such that nothing can rescue him from the justice of a Jersey tribunal. On the night after the murder there was a great rush, among those who roomed alone, for beds, lounges, and other sleeping accommodations, in the rooms of their friends. Nevertheless there were some who boldly stated that they would just as willingly sleep alone as not ; and that they did not feel the slightest afraid or lonely. Every man, whom we heard making such a statement, we came to the conclusion, was either destitute of all feeling and imagination or that he lied, not having pluck enough to own it ; and nine cases out of ten it may be safely said to be the latter. For a brave man never lies, and a coward never tells the truth.

The four divisions of Senior speakers have performed their tasks, and they have all acquitted themselves well. Quite a number of ladies have been attracted to the Chapel by the inducements offered in the shape of Orators. They have been splendidly received on all the occasions by a file of students, extending from the North College Tower to the Chapel. Looks well for the gallantry of Nassau.

Thanksgiving Day has come and gone with its turkeys, chickens, and mince pies. Most of the learned went home, to satisfy the desires of the carnal man at the "festive board" of infancy, and to bore their unfortunate friends with anecdotes of College life, told for the twenty-seventh time. Those that remained were fortunate enough to hear a sermon from our President, which, we suppose, as we did not hear it, was an eloquent and as suiting to the occasion as we have before had the pleasure of hearing from him.

We have one more word to say, and that is to those persons who put their names on the subscription list and never pay up, and to those Seniors who never subscribe at all. To the former we would say that when they put their names down on the paper, it was distinctly understood by both parties that their promise was to be fulfilled, yet they have failed to comply. "A word to the wise is sufficient." We would remind the others that they let their classmates bear the whole burden of expenses, a part of which they should also bear. We predict that when they will have graduated that they will regret not having taken the Mag. of their Class, and that they have no such mementos of their Senior year. When this shall have come to pass, and shall have been fulfilled, they will say, "We had a prophet among us and we knew him not."

Our task is done, our labor is ended, and with the hope that all will be pleased, and many thanks to kind contributors, we lay down our pen.

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